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THE YUKON TRAIL

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

CHAPTER XXV
In the Blizzard.

"Swiftwater" Pete, the driver of the stage between Kuskuk and Katma, did not like the looks of the sky as his hand to the window. He had been complaining ever since they had started. But as he studied the heavy billows of cloud banked above the peaks and in the saddle between, there was real anxiety in his red, apoplectic face.

"Gittin' her back up for a blizzard, looks like. Doggone it, if that would not just be my luck," he murmured fretfully.

Sheba hoped there would be one, not of course, a really, truly blizzard such as Macdonald had told her about, but the tail of a make-believe one, enough to send her glowing with exhilaration into the roughhouse with a happy sense of an adventure achieved. The girl had got out to relieve the horses, and as her young, lissom body took the hill scattering flakes of snow she was already flying.

Today she was buoyed up by a sense of freedom. For a time, at least, she was escaping Macdonald's driving energy, the appeal of Gordon Elliot's warm friendliness, and the unvoiced urging of Dame Good old Peter and the kiddies were the only ones that let her alone.

She looked back at the horses laboring up the hill. Swiftwater had got down and was urging them forward, his long whip crackling along the ears of the leaders. He watched too short for the round barrel body. A big roll of fat bulged out over the collar of his shirt. Whenever he was excited—and he always was—the least exuberance he puffed and snorted and grew alarmingly purple.

"Patience," he exploded as soon as he got within hearing. "Snow in these clouds—tons of it. Him? And those. Wow! We're in for an honest-to-god blizzard, sure as you're a foot high."

Swiftwater was worried. He would have liked to turn and run for it. But the roadhouse was twenty-five miles back. If the blizzard came howling down the slope they would have a sweet time of it reaching safety. A heavy crossing was on the other side of the divide, only nine miles away. They would have to try through somehow. Probably those angry clouds were half a bluff.

The temperature was dropping rapidly. Already snow fell fast in big thick flakes. To make it worse, the wind was beginning to rise. It came in shrill gusts momentarily increasing in force.

The stage-driver knew the signs of cold and cursed the luck that had led him to bring the stage. It would have been the last trip with horses until spring. His dogs were wailing for him at Katma for twenty-five miles back. He did not blame himself, for the snow was no reason to expect such a storm so early in the season. None the less, it was too bad that his lead dog had been ailing when he left the gold camp eight days before.

Miss O'Neil knew that Swiftwater Pete was anxious, and though she was not yet afraid, the girl understood the reason for it. The road ran through the heart of a vast snowfield, the surface of which was being swept by a screaming wind. The air would be obliterated. "Ready the horses were panting and straining as they ploughed toward Sheba, tramped behind the stage-driver and in her tracks walked Mrs. Olson, the other plucky member of the party.

Through the muffled scream of the storm Swiftwater shouted back to Sheba: "You want keep close to me."

She nodded her head. His order needed no explanation. The world was narrowing to a lane whose walls she could almost touch with her fingers. A pall of white wrapped them. Upon them beat a wind of stinging sleet. Nothing could be seen but the blurred outlines of the stage and the driver's figure.

The bitter cold searched through Sheba's furs to her soft flesh and the blast of powdered ice beat upon her face. The snow was getting deeper and the wind fiercer. Once or twice she stumbled and fell. Her strength ebbed and the hinges of her knees gave unexpectedly beneath her. How long she sat, she asked herself, that Macdonald had said could live in a blizzard?

"Staggering blindly forward, Sheba bumped into the driver. He had drawn up to give the horses a moment's rest before sending them plunging at the snow again.

"No chance," he called to the young woman's ear. "Never make Smith's in the world. Goner try for mine's cabin up gulch. The storm's stuck in the drifts, fought through and was blocked again ten yards beyond. A dozen times the horses gave up, answered the sting of the whip by diving ahead first at the white banks and were stopped by fresh snow-combs.

Pete gave up the fight. He began untying the horses, while Sheba and Mrs. Olson, clinging to each other's hands, stumbled forward to join him. The words he shouted across the back of a horse were almost lost in the roar of the shrieking wind.

"...heluavite...ride...gulch... Sheba made out Olson astride one of the leaders and helped Sheba to the back of the right leader. Swiftwater clambered upon its mate himself.

The girl paid no attention to where they were going. The urge of life was so faint within her that she did not greatly care whether she lived or died. Her face was blue from the

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings In Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Chester and Lenoir.

Gastonia Gazette, Jan. 7: Gastonia will be interested to know that Otto Rupp and his wife, Germans, are held in the Norfolk, Va., jail without bail pending further investigation as to the origin of the destructive fire of last Tuesday which did property damage to the extent of \$2,000,000 or more. Rupp, it will be recalled, formerly operated a meat market here. About a year ago he left, going to Richmond. He was here a year or more. Of a very belligerent disposition, Rupp and his wife were both involved in numerous small difficulties while here. They were strong Germans and talked bitterly while here, against the United States government, for supplying the Allies with munitions and foodstuffs. Gastonia will watch with interest the progress of the cases against Rupp and his wife. All the cotton mills which closed last Friday at noon because the electric power was cut off resumed operations this morning. The rain yesterday together with the melting snows will no doubt increase the water supply to such an extent that the Southern Power Company will not be forced to close down again soon.

Chester Reporter, Jan. 7: Eddie Patterson, a colored boy about fourteen years of age, was shot and instantly killed Friday morning, the tragedy occurring on lands owned by Mr. S. A. Rodman near Rodman, Sam Caldwell, cousin of the dead boy, who was along, claims that Patterson was shot by a white or yellow man, who met the two boys, as they were on their way to their rabbit gun. Caldwell says that this man, who was a stranger to him, cursed the dead boy, who replied in kind, whereupon the stranger killed him. The theory of a great many is that the boys, who lived together, had slipped out the gun, that an accident occurred, and that the survivor frightened by what occurred, slipped the gun back in its place at home and put out the story of the shooting related above. Of much interest to a large circle of friends was the wedding of Miss Sarah Ella Henry and Mr. Albert M. Simpson, which was solemnized Friday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Hon. and Mrs. J. K. Henry, on Hinton street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. G. Phillips, D. D. pastor of the First Baptist church and was witnessed by the relatives and a number of the close friends of the contracting couple.

Robert Halsey, colored, was arrested here Saturday by order of the Local Exemption Board for failure to register. Halsey claims to have registered Thursday, January 3rd, 1918, Miss Ada McKeown, of Blackstock, and Mr. William Matthews, of York county, at the M. E. parsonage in Blackstock, Rev. S. B. White officiating.

Rock Hill Record, Jan. 7: The local public schools opened again this morning after the holiday, extended a few days to save fuel. Rev. H. E. Griffin of Spartanburg has been appointed to the pastorate of the Park and Manchester Methodist churches, in place of Rev. Elsie Myers, who left Saturday to take the pastorate at Hickory Grove. Miss Mary Frew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Frew of this city, was married to Leut. Ernest Samson of the Three Hundred and Seventy-first Infantry, U. S. A., Saturday at 5 p. m., the Rev. I. P. McGehee, pastor of St. John's Methodist church officiating. Relatives and a few close friends witnessed the ceremony. Miss Clara Cherry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cherry of this city, was married in Charlotte last Thursday afternoon by Rev. H. M. Pressly to John D. Klutz, at the home of the groom's parents. Mr. Klutz is chief clerk in the Charlotte office of the Southern.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected From Various Sources.

Four persons, three of them children were killed by leaking gas fumes in Philadelphia last Sunday.

John D. Rockefeller has contributed another \$5,000,000 to the Rockefeller foundation, to be used more especially for war relief.

Citizens of Nome, Alaska, have filed charges against Federal Judge Wm. S. Holcherr, in which it is asserted that the judge is pro-German.

A New York grand jury has indicted seven officers of the Dairy-men's League of New York state, charging them with unlawfully raising the price of milk.

A movement is under way in sections of Pennsylvania to have the government close 500 saloons in the coal fields in order to speed up coal production.

Director General McAdoo has promulgated orders providing heavy charges for unnecessary delay in unloading railway cars. The penalty after the eighth day is \$10 per day.

The American steamer, Harry Luchenbach is reported to have sunk in the English channel by a torpedo a few days ago. Eight of the crew are missing.

The government has taken over the big race track at Laurel, Md. It is to be used as a training station. The government offered to buy the property. The owner refused to sell, then the government took it anyway.

Because of lack of cars in which to ship coal, Governor Cox says that many Ohio coal miners are facing starvation. They only work when they can get the cars to ship the coal that they mine.

Prohibitionists of Virginia will make a fight before the present session of the legislature for ratification of the prohibition amendment to and to wipe out Virginia's quart-a-month law.

The borough government of Sellersville, Pa., has lifted the ban on pigs in the town limits for the period of the war, in order to give everybody an opportunity to help the food situation.

A bill providing for compulsory conservation—possibly a system of enforced rationing—is being prepared for presentation to congress. Wholesale days and meatless days as well as other regulations for food conservation, are to be provided for in the proposed bill.

benefit of the governed. Under the constitution the protection of property is as insistent as the protection of life and liberty. If the protection of property is not made to mean something more than mere physical possession, if it does not protect the citizen in the use of that property, and the full opportunity to EMPLOY THAT PROPERTY WITH PROFIT, THEN OUR WHOLE SCHEME OF GOVERNMENT IS A FRAUD AND HUMBUG. It trusts the price of all I buy, if those combinations amount to CONSPIRACIES IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE, it is the duty of the government to protect me in a fair return in the use of my property.

"What chance without state aid, have the unorganized COTTON GROWERS scattered over thirteen states, in a contest with expert financial strategy backed by unlimited capital. It is not only the province, it is the duty of the government, to do for the people (in mass.) what they are unable to do for themselves individually. I am only asking the state to help the farmers to help themselves. If you will pass this measure law and validate with the seal of South Carolina, these proposals, it will impart an artificial value to every acre of cotton land, because its products will then be a recognized collateral in the money markets of the world. It will make the south rich beyond our wildest dream. I am not asking for money. I only want to capitalize a portion of the sovereignty of the state for the benefit of our most numerous class and only MONEY CROP.

"Already a hiring press is crying out socialism. I say, NO, it is only JUSTICE. Another says it is paternalism. So then, make your choice. Shall it be PATERNALISM OR POVERTY?"

In discussing the trusts, Mr. McLaurin actually foreshadows the price-fixing now being done by the federal authorities, and says that the trusts have educated the people up to it. It is the same idea expressed 30 years ago in Bellamy's book "LOOKING FORWARD."

"Trusts have existed from the earliest time and will exist until the dawn of the millennium, which after all will be one BIG TRUST of the kind defined under the Sherman act as BENEFICIAL INTENTIONS. There is lots of rot taught in text books on political economy. They say 'competition is the life of trade.' That is proven by actual test to be a fallacy. CONSOLIDATION, NOT COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE. THE SHERMAN ACT CANNOT AND NEVER WILL BE ENFORCED. THE COURTS ARE POWERLESS. Wipe out trusts and you increase the cost of production and lower efficiency. They had a Sherman Act law in Greece and Rome. Joseph formed a great trust in Egypt, on no other capital except an old cow, he left in the hands of Potiphar's wife. GOD ALMIGHTY HAS GIVEN US A NATURE MADE TRUST IN COTTON PRODUCTION. GIVE ME THE POWER, and we will use our TRUST for ourselves and our children instead of Wall street and Liverpool. It is not laws nor lack of money that is enslaving the south, it is lack of vision. IT IS IGNORANCE THAT BINDS US LIMBS WITH SHACKLES STRONGER THAN TEMPERED STEEL.

"Look about you; the present administration is seriously considering a LAW REGULATING THE PRICE OF ALL TRUST-MADE ARTICLES. They are either bound to do this or increase the wages of labor that more money will be left for labor and its products. I say that this will be done or that revolution of some kind will engulf the entire world. Talk about Socialism with cotton at seven cents and labor barely able to exist, I am satisfied 50 per cent of the white people of this state are Socialists without knowing it.

"The present day SOCIALIST is merely a protest against the existing order of things. Do you know that in this state, MEN NO LONGER GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE THEIR CONVICTIONS, but to register their votes AGAINST ONE MAN. Public officials in this state are the product of a PROTEST VOTE, and as long as they are, PUBLIC POLITICS will represent the destructive, not the CONSTRUCTION forces of society.

"Poverty is the PRIMARY CAUSE OF FACTIONALISM. Give me this law, and we will wipe out poverty and with it FACTIONAL STRIFE."

At the close of his speech, Mr. McLaurin shows that in his mind is dimly prefigured the world cataclysm that is now convulsing mankind. He says:

"A mighty revolutionary force is now soliciting MAN'S cooperation in his own uplifting."

The unceasing brooding over WRONG, has ever, in the past, been the tremendous lever, which from age to age, has lifted mankind from one epoch into another.

We utterly misread the signs of the times, if there is not at hand a world crisis, which will wreck and bury this generation with much that it holds sacred and dear.

Twenty centuries of Christian civilization still finds human greed and militarism its corner stones. The next step may be backward until through terror, blood and death, we learn that the justice of God is still omnipotent in the universe which He created.

Go into the gray silence of those far eastern lands and read the lesson in the dismal wreckage of proud empires. Where is Persia, Egypt and Greece? Mighty nations vanishing like sunset shadows and fruitful fields given over to graves.

"For the spider hath woven her web in the banqueting halls of kings, and the owl keepeth her night watch in the towers of Atrahasis." There is not a problem in finance nor diplomacy anywhere in this world which cannot be solved without bloodshed, by wise statesmanship, justice and Christian charity. To say otherwise is to scoff at the divine benediction which rules the universe.

We wish every voter in South Carolina could read this great speech delivered nearly seven years ago. The

STEVENSON AND THE FARMS

Congressman from the Fifth Upholds Farm Loan.

When the proposition for the government purchase of \$100,000,000 farm loan bonds came up for consideration in the house last week, it met with vigorous opposition at the hands of representatives of mortgage companies who do not like the idea of having the 8 per cent loans fall off with loans bearing a lower rate of interest.

In the course of his argument against the appropriation, Representative Campbell of Kansas, said that not a single one of his farmer constituents had asked him to support the appropriation; and he read the following extract from a letter in opposition:

"The farmers are not asking this appropriation of \$100,000,000 to buy farm-loan bonds. It is a device of the Federal Farm Loan Board to help get themselves out of their embarrassing financial difficulty. The farmers throughout the country never were in more prosperous and better financial condition than now. All kinds of farm products sell at high prices, farm lands are in demand and selling at increased prices, the legitimate wants of the farmer are being taken care of now and will be in the future as they have been in the past, without borrowing from the United States government."

Congressman Stevenson of the Fifth District of South Carolina, a member of the committee on banking and currency, spoke in favor of the appropriation as follows:

Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Chairman, the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. Campbell) closed his remarks by reading a statement from somebody who does not seem to have been a farmer, stating that the farmers were not asking for this and did not need it. The farmers are asking to the extent of \$100,000,000 for loans with which to relieve themselves from encumbrances of otherwise, unless, as his correspondent suggests, they sell their farms; and when they sell their farms the correspondent says that the farmer lands are bringing a good price; therefore when he attempts to continue to farm by buying another he must pay the price of the farm that he wants to buy but up so high that he is squeezed out of the farming business; and now they are asking that loans be provided in order that they may have funds with which to liquidate these debts and enable them to go on. This statement of his correspondent that the farmers are in a good and prosperous condition is partly true, but as to the section of the United States from which I come, it is just beginning to recover from the enormous loss, which congress said it could not help them to avoid, brought about by this war, when in 1914 they marketed the crop of cotton at a loss of \$480,000,000, and many a farm was mortgaged as a result and the farmer had a prosperous time sufficient to rehabilitate themselves. They made 16,000,000 bales of cotton in 1914, and it cost the average farmer at least 12 cents a pound to make it—\$60 to the bale—and the people got, on an average, \$30 for it. They have never recovered, and they are today facing demands from England and elsewhere, from the mortgage companies, that they liquidate their mortgages, and they have got to do it in this way or not at all. Now, are these bonds safe? If they are not, who is responsible? This congress enacted this act, and in the 27th section it provided the Federal reserve banks should have the right to buy and deal in them. Well, if they are not a safe security, why allow the great financial institutions to proceed exactly the principle that they should borrow now when he said: "No borrowing should run athwart the borrowing of the Federal treasury."

Mr. Platt. Will the gentleman yield again?

Mr. Stevenson. Yes.

Mr. Platt. Does the gentleman agree to have the government seize the farms and run them for the benefit of the people as it has the railroads?

Mr. Stevenson. The government has not found that necessary because the farmers have shown their capacity, if given proper credit and given

UP IN AN AIRPLANE

York County Boy Tells of First Experience.

Wonderful, Delightful Sensations

In a letter to his mother, Henry Suggs gives graphic account of just how it feels to ascend miles in the air, and also he paints an interesting picture of the Earth Below.

This description of an airplane flight is taken from a letter that Lieutenant Suggs has written to his mother, Mrs. G. L. Suggs, of Rock Hill. Lieutenant Suggs is a Clemson graduate and former star in the Clemson football team. He is now in the Observers' school at Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, preparing himself for the aviation service in France. The Enquirer is fortunate in being able to reproduce it.

This afternoon I had my first flight in an airplane, and it surpassed anything I ever did in the line of sport, far and away. It was glorious, thrilling, satisfying.

Our section marched to the airfield in No. 10 to prepare for the first trip up, with many varied emotions. Most of us were whistling or singing, probably for the same reason that a small boy whistles on a dark street at night.

I think no man can go into the air for the first time without having that feeling of all good football players just before the kickoff, or the same sensations in the pit of the stomach that a crack runner has before the pistol shot starting a championship race. It is physical, so much so as a headache and can be traced by experts to the nerves; but why it should show up in the pit of the stomach is something a sportsman would like to have explained. I can't remember when I first felt it, but I remember how I felt in the Clemson football game. I was just as sure that we would beat the sumo old feeling was there, and felt rather reassuring, like the presence of an old friend.

I took a little time around the airfield while the mechanics started the motors to popping and got the machines tuned for flight. At 10 o'clock, after the Federal reserve banks to do business upon. And yet they say that the Federal farm-loan bonds can not have a credit of \$100,000,000 from the government in this way, when it is absolutely secured, which it is given the right to control until the loan is paid off; and it is presumed to be secure, because the very basis of these bonds is the land of the farmers of this country, and land is the basis and the foundation stone of all credit, and everything that maintains credit is grown for the support of this country, of its armies, and of its institutions, and upon its shoulders rests the conclusion and successful termination of this war. Any they are doing their duty and doing it well.

"I'll take it easy with you," said the pilot, "and won't do anything that might give you a scare." Go to it, I said, and he put a full throttle on the propeller lazily turning, and climbed into the observer's seat, just ahead of the pilot and right between the two seats. He had a look at the instruments on the forward edge of the cockpit served to keep the wind off, if one did not get too curious and stretch up one's neck.

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CLOVER CULLINGS

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer

Clover, January 9.—Clover has a sufficiency of coal for immediate needs if economically used. One car of coal was received here this week and W. P. Smith says he has two more cars that should arrive within the next few days. When this comes in Clover will be pretty well fixed up so far as domestic coal is concerned.

The churches of Clover have united in taking up the work of raising funds for the relief of the Armenians and Syrian war sufferers, and in the way that Clover usually does things of this nature, the matter is being handled in a thorough and systematic manner. Each church has appointed a committee as the members of a central committee, and this committee has in turn appointed sub-committees from their respective churches and on Sunday afternoon it is proposed to canvass the town and community in the effort to raise a liberal contribution as Clover's part toward the relief of the Armenians and Syrian war sufferers.

In his report of vital statistics for King's Mountain township for the month of December, Dr. J. E. Brison, registrar, reports six deaths and 15 births. The deaths included two whites and four blacks, and two blacks, eleven whites and four blacks.

Though the cotton ginning season is about over the management of the Clover Oil mill ginner estimates that there are yet from 125 to 150 bales of cotton that will come to the local ginner. Up to today the oil mill has ginned 1,878 bales of cotton.

Messrs. Macon and James Sifford and Mack Knox left Tuesday afternoon to resume their studies at the South Carolina University, after spending the holidays at their home here.

A business change of some interest here took place on January 1st, when Mr. T. W. McElwee sold his interest in the firm of McElwee & Parrott to his partner, Mr. D. M. Parrott, who will continue the business.

The police of Cleveland, Ohio, believe that Frank B. Smith, a wealthy automobile dealer, of that city, has been kidnaped and is being held for ransom. Smith disappeared Thursday last week.

The biggest snow storm on record hit Chicago on Sunday. The streets were filled with snow drifts seven to ten feet deep. Scores of automobiles were abandoned on the streets. Railroad and street car traffic was paralyzed.

Eighty-eight coal miners in the New River field on the Norfolk and Western railway in Virginia, are closed on account of the lack of motive power. A generator of the Appalachian Power Co. was recently destroyed by a fire.

In Minnesota a special war body has been organized, known as the Minnesota Motor Reserve. Its several hundred members, who are all motorists, are pledged to transport representatives of the government who require such service.

Henry I. Suggs.